Kintsugi

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Kintsugi

by GhostIsReading

Summary

A Broken Cup from Hannibal's point of view or at least their first meeting from Hannibal's pov.

Notes

Due to a request, here is their from Hannibal's Point of view.

Chapter 1

Hannibal pulled up in the parking lot of a rest stop, the woods behind the place would be perfect for disposing of the waste of space that he had in his trunk. As he climbed out of his Bentley he spotted a hideous yellow mini with a man standing at the trunk of it, a suspiciously familiar shape over his shoulder. It would seem that he wasn't the only one that thought these woods would make an excellent dumping ground.

His curiosity getting the better of him, he approached the man. If this fellow murderer did not react well, well Hannibal wasn't against adding a second murder to his iternery this evening. He made sure to make some noise as he approached so as not to spook the man too terribly.

"Nice evening for a walk." He drawled as he stopped a few steps away. This close, despite the dark evening, it was even more apparent that the man in front of him had a dead body draped over his shoulder much like he himself had.

"A bit cold." The man shrugged his free shoulder and although he was clearly trying to sound nonchalant, it was obvious to Hannibal that he was metaphorically 'shitting himself' as one of his patients would inelegantly say. How amusing, this must be his first murder, Hannibal mused.

"I'll be your alibi if you be mine?" He offered. Hannibal found himself feeling playful, after all it wasn't every day that he got to interact with a fellow killer. It was amusing to see the other man recoil at the offer before straightening up the best he could with the dead weight on his shoulder.

"Mutually assured destruction?" It was endearing how his voice only just managed not to tremble.

"Exactly." Hannibal's grin in the dark was all teeth. He was sure that if the other man could see clearly he would be even more unnerved. "Dr Hannibal Lecter. I would offer to shake your hand but…" He trailed off. Yes it was a risk to share his real name, but if he ended up being a problem then it would be easy to dispose of him before Hannibal returned home.

“Will Graham.”

“A Pleasure.” The name was rather ordinary but the man himself obviously had hidden depth, they had after all met in the middle of disposing of corpses.

“We uh, we should probably get a move on.” William shifted, it was clear that he was starting to feel the strain of carrying his dead weight on his shoulder. The poor thing.

“Of course.” He agreed easily. “I hope you don’t mind if I lead the way? We can display the bodies together which will make it more difficult to find the culprit.” Of course Hannibal hadn’t planned to display this body but with the presence of a second killer, it would certainly throw the police into a tizzy, that is if they realised that there were two killers.

“Display?” Will echoed. “Why display? I had planned on just, I don’t know, burying the body.”

“How pedestrian.” Hannibal tsked in disappointment as he strode ahead. Oh well he would learn. “Tell me Will, what did that pig do that drove you to murder him. I am assuming that this is your first kill yes? So it must have been rather bad.” He wanted to know what it was that had driven this rather nervous man to kill.

“I walked in on him hitting my dog.” William sighed. “He’s a home visiting Dog Groomer. I came home early and saw him hit my dog.”

“How rude.” Hannibal frowned. He genuinely saw no reason in abusing animals, in fact most animals were better and more worthy of respect than humans. As the Dear was so sweet enough to share, Hannibal decided to do the same. “This pig had the audacity to be rude to my receptionist. The poor dear was left distraught and I had to force her to take some paid leave. " His eyes narrowed as he remembered the event. "He wasn't even at my office for an appointment."

His receptionist, Miss Sarah Brown, was a rather affable girl who took her job seriously much to his pleasure. She did not fawn over him due to his looks or his obvious wealth and was happily in a relationship with a lovely girl that he had briefly met when she arrived to pick her up early after work one day. The fact that this pig dared to make her so distraught that Hannibal was forced to make her take a holiday, infuriated him. Usually he didn’t kill so

close to himself but well, he was fortunate to have run into William as it would muddy the waters.

"Then he deserved it." William's drawl brought his mind back to the present task.

"Precisely." He was glad that he understood that this man had had to die.

"So what exactly are you a doctor of, Dr Lecter?" How delightful, the man was digging for information, well he had no reason to refuse him.

"I'm a psychiatrist."

"I'm not sure I can be your alibi anymore." William sassed. "I don't like psychiatrists." How lovely, the darling had some bite.

"And what exactly do you do Mr Graham?" He wondered if William would respond.

"I teach classes on how to psychoanalyze." How drole.

"Ah here is perfect." Hannibal announced instead of responding to the quip. He wondered if William was indeed a teacher or if he was

"Oh thank god." William dropped the corpse on the ground with a groan and stretched his back. Oh dear, if the boy was going to be doing this more often then he would need to do some weight lifting to be able to cope with it.

"Now let's see what we have to work with." He crouched down and unwrapped the corpse from the tarp. Suddenly there was camera shutter noise and a bright flash that ruined his night vision.

“Delete that Mr Graham.” He ordered coldly. The man was really pushing things now.

“It is merely for insurance.” Will explained. Well, two could play at that game.

Another flash filled the forest.

“It is merely for insurance.” Hannibal paroted back.

“Touché.”

It was a tense standoff as they both waited for their eyes to readjust to the darkness but eventually they got back to work on displaying the bodies how he wanted. It needed to be artful but he had to make sure that it didn’t link this display to his as the Chesapeake Ripper.

Under torch light from their phones the two of them worked to twist and force the bodies into his design. He had already taken the organs that he wanted from his pig and now all he needed to do was arrange it how he wanted. He didn’t plan to do all that match with his pig, merely break and twist the limbs before-

"I took his tongue because of his rude thoughtless words." William mumbled to himself distracting Hannibal from his plans. "I take his lungs as he does not deserve to breathe the same air as me." Will swayed on the spot like a pendulum. "The body is discarded on the floor because he is not worth my time."

Completely unnoticed by the boy, Hannibal approached him. He had his phone’s light aimed away from William’s face but it was still close enough to illuminate his features enough for Hannibal to get a good look at him. He was stunning. A Botticelli angel come to life. Riotous brown curls framed a scruffy face and eyes that he couldn’t see the colour of but desperately wanted to know.

"My what an intriguing boy you are." The words slipped from his mouth before he could stop them and William flinched but interesting he did not step away.

"Haven't you ever heard of personal space?"

"Of course, my apologies." Hannibal took a step back humouring the boy. As much as he would love to play with him some more, it was getting late. "How would you like your dog groomer displayed, dear Will?"

"He hit my dog." Will said slowly. "I want him to take the form of the creatures he abused, humiliated and dehumanised." My, he was a marvelous creature.

"So it will be done, dear Will."

The scene they created together was beautiful. William's Dog Groomer was stripped naked and forced onto all fours like the dogs that he abused.A generic rope that could be found from any and all hardware stores was wrapped around his neck in a mimicry of a collar and Hannibal's favourite bit and the piece pièce de résistance was the broken branch that was shoved up the corpse's anus to act as a tail. There was nothing sexual about it. It was merely done to finish the depiction of a dog.

William Graham was a joy to work with and the tail idea was his alone. He would have to make sure that the boy would not get away from him. If this was what he was like after his first kill, what would he be like after his second, third, fourth etc… Hannibal needed to know.

They walked in companionable silence back to the parking lot. As they broke through the trees and they stopped next to the yellow Mini that William had arrived in.

"I must ask whether that yellow monstrosity that you arrived in belongs to you?" Hannibal asked, not even trying to disguise his disgust.

“No, it is, or rather was the Dog Groomers.” Will was quick to reassure him that he had no claim to the awful car. “I had planned on abandoning it here.”

“Then let me wipe it down just to make sure that there is no evidence of your presence.” Hannibal offered, he didn’t want his new...project to be caught.

“I wouldn’t say no to using your equipment for it, but I would prefer to be the one who does it.” Will rejected the offer politely. It was understandable, Hannibal supposed. They after all did not know each other and how was William to know that he would not leave evidence to frame him. Although was it really framing him if he was responsible for one of the bodies.

“Very well.”

The entire time that dear William was wiping down the car, Hannibal couldn’t help but stare. The man had a delightful arse. Yes, he was most definitely not letting him go.

“I find myself curious, dear Will, how exactly did you plan on returning home.” He asked.He was curious to know the answer, after all he had said that he planned on abandoning his mode of transport here which would leave him stranded...Well he couldn’t have that now could he? “No matter.” He didn’t give William a chance to respond. “I shall give you a lift and we can discuss the particulars of our alibis.”

However, would the man accept a ride from a killer?

“Okay, thanks.” Delightful boy.

After watching William climb into the passenger seat of his Bentley, Hannibal got in and turned on the engine which activated the seat heating. He made sure they both had on their seatbelts before asking:

“Where to?”

Would he be given Dear William's home address or would the cunning boy ask to be dropped off somewhere more public?

William gave him his home address. Hannibal felt rather pleased by the show in trust, now he just needed to cement a reason for them to keep in touch after this evening.

"Very well." Hannibal pulled out of the parking lot. Hannibal felt rather pleased by the show in trust, now he just needed to cement a reason for them to keep in touch after this evening. "As for the alibis, how do you feel about being friends?" Or something more.

"You were having dinner at my house," He said slowly. It was intriguing to watch his brain work. Hannibal wished that they had more time together in a well lit space so he could watch every thought that passed William's face. "We've been friends for a few weeks and I invited you over to meet my dogs."

"How many dogs do you have?"

"I have six."

Six. This Botticelli come to life, had six dogs?! That was an obscene number of animals to keep under one roof. Perhaps he bred them? But no, if he did Hannibal doubted that he would have reacted so violently to one being threatened and hurt. So he had six dogs, six furry animals. If Hannibal was going to pursue this man, and that thought was becoming more appealing the longer he was in his presence, then he would have to put up with a ridiculous amount of dog hair.

There was a long stretch of silence.

"Tell me about them." Hannibal finally sighed. "I suppose I am going to need to be able to at least name most of them if asked."

“And get a little dog fur on you.” Will gleefully pointed out. Cheeky boy. “After all, practically every surface in my home is covered in the stuff.”

Hannibal couldn’t hide his grimace fast enough “So there are six.”

“Yes, Buster, Max, Jack, Harley, Ellie and Zoe.” He could see William smiling out of the corner of his eye as he thought about his dogs. “Buster is a real terror, he’s a Jack Russel Terrier and always full of energy. Max is a collie and has almost as much energy. Jack is a Mutt and I’m not sure of his heritage at all but I think he’s a cross between a Bull Terrier and a Collie at least. Harley is another mutt but has a lot of Pit Bull Terrier in him. Then There’s my old ladies: Ellie and Zoe. Ellie is a Yorkipoo who is rather grumpy and Zoe is a small white terrier with an underbite. She’s adorable and the dog I’ve had the longest.”

That was a lot of information to digest and he would likely have to commit a room in his mind purely for William’s dogs. However first he had to know:

“What, may I ask, is a Yorkipoo?”

“It's a Yorkshire Terrier and Poodle cross.” William was obviously amused.

It didn’t take long for them to arrive at William’s Farm House. It looked rather rustic in the light of the Bentley’s headlights. How picturesque.

“We should exchange numbers.” Hannibal suggested while pulling out his phone. He would not allow this man to slip from his fingers, he also wanted a chance to get his hands on the phone with his incriminating photo on it.

The phone was an older Samsung model but well looked after. It amusingly did not have a pass code unlike his own which he had to unlock before he passed it over. He made quick work of deleting the photo before adding his number into William’s phone. He also sent himself a text just in case the cunning boy gave him a false number.

“If the police come knocking, I will tell them that the Dog Groomer never arrived and when they ask whether I have anyone that can confirm where I was, I will mention that I had a friend over.” Will announced as they traded phones back. “They will likely ask for your details so that they can confirm my story.”

“Which I will of course confirm.” Hannibal nodded. “May I inquire as to what we would have had for dinner? I assume that you would have cooked?” He could of course confirm the story to the police without these details but it gave him a chance to learn more about William.

“Fish and uh steak fries.”

“Freshly caught or frozen?” Please say fresh, Hannibal hoped that his delightful boy had more sense to buy fresh than to eat processed frozen fish.

“Freshly caught.”

“Good.” Good boy.

They sat in silence for a few moments more. It was rather pleasing to know that William did not wish to be parted from his just yet either. But unfortunately William did leave.

“I’ll text you photos of my dogs with their names. If you’re my friend then you should be able to tell them apart.” He finally said before opening the car door.

“Of course.” Hannibal nodded. “Have a good night.”

“Thanks, you too.” With that William climbed out of the car and made his way up his porch.

Hannibal waited until William was on his porch before pulling out of the driveway and driving off. He watched from his rear view mirror how William waited until he was driving

away to go into his house.

He would give William the rest of the night and perhaps part of the morning, to come to terms with this evening's events before messaging him. Unless of course the darling boy messaged him first. Either way, William Graham was not going to get away from Hannibal. The boy was his.

Chapter 2

Hannibal woke slowly. He smiled as he thought back on his date with Will last night. He looked rather splendid in his suit, although he could do with getting one that was tailored to him specifically. Oh and let's not forget how William was too busy looking at him to pay any attention to the sommelier which was rather flattering. When the dear said that he preferred Hannibal's cooking to the Michelin star restaurant faire, well he could have swooned.

His boy was simply adorable suggesting that they go on a few dates before the art exhibition because he didn't want to be seen as 'easy' despite the fact that they could simply lie to people about how long they had been dating for. The cunning boy even managed to wrangle Hannibal into going fishing with him tomorrow as well. It was obvious that his affections were returned by the Botticelli Angel.

Hannibal was rather content to continue lounging in bed and thinking of his William when his phone buzzed. He sighed and reached for it. He would love to ignore it but it could be a patient having a crisis.

Will: Do you know a good tailor that won't grope me when measuring for a suit?

Hannibal saw red. Some pissant had dared to lay their hands on his William?! He snarled and sent back his response. He would gently extract the name of this tailor and give him a visit. His pantry was getting low on long pig meat.

Hannibal: Good morning to you too.

Hannibal: I would recommend Michael Schafer Clothier. I will give him a call personally and see when he can fit you in.

He kicked off his covers and padded over to the bathroom. He took care of his morning absolutions and dressed in loose pyjama bottoms before checking the phone for Will's reply.

Will: thanks. I might need to just get a premade suit for the exhibit at this rate. I refuse to be felt up again. Apparently, the tailor needed to grope my crotch to make sure that the trousers would be a perfect fit.

That tailor was a dead man. However, first he should call Michael and see if he can fit Will in. He called the familiar number.

" Ciao, this is Michael Schafer Clothier, Sophia Speaking. How can I help you today?" A sweet voice recited.

" Ciao Sophia." Hannibal said smoothly. "It's Hannibal. I was wondering if Michael would be willing to squeeze in a friend of mine this afternoon? Its an emergency."

" For you Hannibal, I'm sure he will but let me go check." He was put on hold.

"Hannibal." Michael took him off hold instead of Sophia. "What is this about an emergency?"

" Buongiorno Michael." Hannibal greeted his friend warmly. He trusted Michael to look after Will, he was after all his personal tailor and had impeccable taste and manners. "A friend of mine is trying to have a suit made for the art exhibition later this week." His tone turned dark as he spoke about why he was calling. "However, the tailor he originally went to assaulted him under the guise of taking his measurements."

"Oh dear." Michael exhaled sharply. "Is he alright?"

" A little shaken and more angry than upset." Or at least that is what he assumed from the tone of his texts. "So you understand why I am loath to trust him to another unfamiliar tailor."

" Completely." Michael agreed. Hannibal could hear the turning of pages. "I can fit him at three o'clock today."

“ Excellent, grazie Michael.”

“ Prego, ciao.”

“ Ciao.” Hannibal hung feeling pleased now that he knew that Will would be in good hands. He sent off a text to him to let him know about his appointment.

Hannibal: Michael can fit you in later this afternoon at 3pm. I’ll send you the address.

Hannibal: Are you alright?

He needed to know that he was okay, sexual assault was no joke .

Will: Thank you.

Will: I’m impressed that you got me an appointment on such short notice.

Will: I’m okay, if I didn’t have other errands to run I would have gone home to shower. I am definitely leaving a bad review on google.

Hannibal felt his shoulder’s relax. Now to see if his cunning boy would tell him the name of his next victim.

Hannibal: It was no trouble. Will the errands not hold for another day? You shouldn’t force yourself after what you just went through. Which tailor was it?

He was delighted at how quick William’s response was.

Will: I need to get some more things If I want to make sure that I don’t embarrass you at the exhibit opening.

Will: It was the Head Tailor from Fabian’s Tailors. His name was Fabian.

Oh Sweet William, you could never embarrass me, Hannibal thought fondly as he walked downstairs to his office. He entered the name of tailors into google. It was a small business with rather a lot of good reviews, far more than the man clearly deserved. He clicked to read the lowest rated reviews and was disgusted to see that William wasn't the first that had been assaulted at the tailors but somehow the man was getting away with it. Not for much longer, he thought darkly as he copied down the address.

Hannibal: You could never embarrass me. Think no more of the tailor.

Hannibal: Do you still wish to go fishing tomorrow? We could cancel if you want

Will: And miss the chance of seeing you in waders? Never.

Will: I'll be okay, thank you and honestly fishing would only improve my mood.

Hannibal: In that case I look forward to seeing you tomorrow.

His William was such a cheeky boy. He wondered how he should act tomorrow. Should he put all of his effort into impressing William or should be cliché and not be very good in order to have William teach him in a more 'hands on' way?

Chapter 3

The sound of a grown man's quiet sobbing filled his office. Hannibal watched as the patient sobbed, studying him. He could be considered a handsome, well-groomed man in his 30s. His name was Franklyn and was honestly his worst patient. It didn't help that Hannibal wasn't feeling very charitable at the moment. His darling William had been out of state on a case and besides a few text messages he had very little contact with him. It was also unbearable.

Franklyn tried to find dignity in his tears as he reached out, "Please…"

Hannibal handed him the box of tissues he was reaching for. He kept a straight face as the disgusting little man blew his nose loudly. He wanted to throw the man out when he placed the used tissue on the antique table instead of in the little bin next to his chair, a bin that was there precisely for dirty tissues.

"I hate being this neurotic." Franklyn wiped his eyes and nose with another tissue before adding that to the table as well. Hannibal's fingers twitched, he wanted to reach for his scalpel and-

"If you weren't neurotic, Franklyn, you would be something much worse." He pulls his focus back to his patient instead of his murderous thoughts. It would be foolish to kill a patient.

The rest of the hour thankfully passed quickly and he was able to escort Franklyn to the door. He was more than ready to be rid of the man. As he opened the door however he came face to face with a man. He was a tall, well built man that looked rather worn around the edges.

"Doctor Lecter?" The man asked.

"I hate to be discourteous, but this is a private exit for my patients." Hannibal firmly told the newcomer. It was moments like this that made Hannibal regret sending his receptionist on holiday. He honestly couldn't wait for her to come back.

“I’m Special Agent Jack Crawford with the F.B.I. May I come in?” He flashed his badge.

“You may wait in the waiting room.” Hannibal informed the agent after eyeing his. He turns to Franklyn. “I’ll see you next week, Franklyn.” He looked at Agent Crawford. “Unless of course this is about him.”

“Oh, no, this is all about you.” Crawford was quick to reassure. Hannibal blinked and forced a flat smile. He didn’t like to think that his darling boy had told on him, but why else would there be an F.B.I agent at his office door?

“Of course.” Crawford nodded and graciously stepped away from the door.

Hannibal waited a moment before he ushered Franklyn out. Once alone in his office he took a deep breath. It was fine, everything was fine. He was pretty confident that if it came to it he could take Agent Crawford out and then he would pay Will a visit. As much as he adored the boy, if Will had given him up, well Hannibal would turn him into a tableau that would rival any Botticelli painting.

He took a moment to place Franklyn’s dirty tissues in the bin and then disinfect and wipe down the table. He sanitized his hands, straightened out his suit and took another deep breath before opening the door that led into the waiting room.

Agent Crawford looked up from one of the many magazines that littered his waiting room table.

“Please. Come in.” Hannibal waved the man inside. He watched as Jack surveyed his collection of books and artefacts and admired his art before he stepped into the room and shut the door firmly.

“May I ask how this is all about me?” He strode across the office to sit at his desk.

“You can ask. But I do need to ask you a few questions first.” Argent Crawford paused before asking, “Are you expecting another patient?”

“We’re all alone.” So no one will be able to hear you call for help.

“No receptionist?”

“She’s on holiday.” Hannibal dangerously alone with Jack Crawford, who studies framed meticulous pencil drawings of Parisian landscapes.

“Are these yours, Doctor?”

“My boarding school in Paris when I was a boy.” He told him.

“Incredible amount of detail.” Agent Crawford complimented.

Hannibal picked up a pencil and sharpened it with a scalpel, blowing the shavings off the tip to reveal its sharpness.

“I learned very early on that a scalpel cuts better points than a pencil sharpener.” Hannibal set down the pencil, but not the scalpel. As he listened to Jack, his eyes drift to the F.B.I. Agent’s jugular.

“I understand your drawing got you an internship at Johns Hopkins.”

Hannibal’s heartbeat was steady, his nostrils flared and his eyes dilated, as he exhaled.

“I am beginning to suspect you are investigating me, Agent Crawford.” He commented dryly. He was ready to strike, if Agent Crawford even so mentioned the Chesapeake Ripper,

Hannibal would kill him and then kill William.

“You were referred to me by Alana Bloom in the psychology department at Georgetown.”

Immediately Hannibal filled with elation. His boy hadn’t reported him for being a murder, not that he could have reported him without implicating himself. He felt foolish for doubting his Sweet William. He placed the scalpel back onto his desk, lining it up perfectly next to the pencil.

“Most psychology departments are filled with ham radio enthusiasts and other personality-deficients. Dr. Bloom would be the exception.” He felt so much more relaxed and curious now that he knew that although Agent Crawford was here for him, he wasn’t *here for him.*

“She mentioned that you mentored her during her residency at John Hopkins?”

“I learned as much from her as she learned from me.” He humbly replied.

“Showed me your paper in The Journal of Clinical Psychiatry. Evolutionary Origins of Social Exclusion.”

“And?” He wished the man would get to the point.

“Very interesting, even to a layman.”

“A layman? So many learned fellows going about in the halls of Behavioral Science at the F.B.I. and you consider yourself a layman?” He usually enjoyed word play and long winding dialogues where he could aim the conversation how he pleased but he honestly wasn’t feeling up to it and it was still rather early in the day. Having to deal with Franklyn and jumping to the conclusion that his William had betrayed him only to discover that he hadn’t was rather exhausting. He wanted Crawford to get to the point.

“I do when I’m in your company, Doctor. I’d like you to help me with a psychological profile.” Finally.

“Of course.” Hannibal agreed. Perhaps working on a profile would endear him to the F.B.I and they would be less willing to look in his direction when the Chesapeake Ripper killed again.

Hannibal sat in Jack Crawford’s office as they waited for the agent that Crawford wanted to do a psychological profile on, to arrive. He wondered if he should have changed into one of his less ostentatious suits to meet this agent but quickly brushed the thought away. He was wearing what he had been in his office, a red paisley suit, it was perfectly suitable for the situation. A quick glance at the wall clock showed that the agent was running late. Hannibal was just about to suggest that he come back another time when the door to the office opened and his William walked through.

“Darling?”

“Hannibal?"

Suddenly a lot of things made sense.

“You two know each other?” Jack exclaimed in surprise looking between the two men. Hannibal knew that he and Will had rather different tastes in style but surely it wasn’t that unusual for them to know each other. Either way there it was not possible for Hannibal to take this job.

“Jack, if you had told me that the agent that you wanted me to psychological profile was Will Graham, I would have told you that I was unable to do so.” Hmm, he should have also asked for details before agreeing to do the profile. That was a mistake on his half and he made a mental note not to make it again. On the bright side he got to see William.

“Wait what?” William interrupted and looked angrily at Jack. “Why did you want a profile done on me?”

“Being friends should make it easier.” Jack ignored. Rude. Outwardly, Hannibal showed none of his anger due to years of practice but internally he fumed. How dare this man ignore William?!

“Will, is my significant other.” Hannibal looked at Jack sternly. “It would be unethical to do a profile on my boyfriend.”

William blushed darkly and it was rather charming how even his little ears turned pink. He wanted to nip at them, make them bruise. Oh his William would look so delicious.

“Well that changes things then.” Jack sighed and rubbed his face.

“I am more than happy to help consult on this case,” Hannibal told him. Of course he would be, it would give more time with his darling. “However, as I said, I will be unable to provide you a profile on Will.”

“That’s fine, we could use all the help we can get.” Jack nodded. “I’ll let Will fill you in.”

“Excellent.” Hannibal smiled politely before turning and looking warmly at Will. “Shall we?” He was pleased that Jack had so easily given in. His day was starting to look up.

Hannibal led William out of the office before he was forced to stop.

“Are you sure?” William asked.

“Sure about what, darling?” Hannibal looked at him confused. What was his dear thinking about?

“We have plans, remember?” Will gave him a meaningful look. “The exhibit?”

Oh! Yes of course. Hmm well plans clearly had to change and he already had a different person in mind that he wanted to kill so changing the day of the date was no hassle. It was adorable how upset his William was about it though.

“It is unfortunate timing but there will be other dates.” He winked, reassuring his William that yes there would be other dates and just because they were now working together, it didn’t mean that they couldn't be together. Not even the hounds of hell could pull him away from his darling boy.

Chapter 4

A young girl's body was mounted like a table top on antler table legs belonging to a trophy stag. She had two large punctures in her chest where she was impaled on the stag's antlers. It was tasteful in the way that it covered her nudity. Dramatically there was a murder of crows surrounding the body as if they were dinner guests at the table. Hannibal was rather proud of his latest tableau, but how would his dear sweet William see it?

Hannibal stood silently at William's back. Watching his every move, every twitch. He wished that he was standing to the side so he could watch his expressions but by standing behind him, he showed his support of William. Darling William who had originally objected to having Hannibal accompanying them to the crime scene, he claimed that it wasn't right to make the man see the horrors that would be there. It was rather sweet but unnecessary.

"The head was reported stolen last night, about a mile from here." Jack came to stand next to William. How rude, some pig had stolen some of the display, Hannibal frowned. It ruined the whole picture.

William froze and slowly looked over his shoulder at Hannibal before quickly looking away. He was close enough for Hannibal to smell and unfortunately the man was wearing the worst aftershave he had ever smelt. He made a mental note to either get rid of it or replace it soon. He would not let his darling smell like something that probably came out of a bottle with a ship on it.

"Minneapolis homicide has already made a statement. They're calling him the 'Minnesota Shrike'." Jack sighed.

"Like the bird?" Hannibal asked. How quaint.

"Shrike's a perching bird. Impales mice and lizards on thorny branches and barbed wire. Rips their organs right out of their bodies. Puts them in a little birdie pantry and eats them later. At its leisure." Price informed them from where he was chasing the crows away.

"Sounds about right." Katz agreed.

"Can't tell if it's sloppy or shrewd." Jack gestured at the scene.

"He wanted her to be found this way. It's the homicidal equivalent of faecal smearing. It's petulant. I almost feel like he's mocking her." William swayed slightly as he spoke."Or he's mocking us." Brilliant boy.

“Where’d all his love go?” Jack asked, referring to William’s profile for the murderer.

“Whoever tucked Elise Nichols into bed didn’t paint this picture.” William sounded annoyed. It was clear to Hannibal that William was the only one with any real intelligence on Jack’s team.

Brian Zeller looked up from Cassie’s mounted corpse and announced, “He took her lungs. I think she was still alive when he cut them out.”

William stared at Hannibal as he spoke, “Our cannibal loves women. He doesn’t want to destroy them. He wants to consume them. Keep some part of them inside. This girl’s killer thought she was a pig.” Oh, oh his darling boy knew. His sweet William knew that he had created this display for him, saw him on a level that no one else ever had.

“You think this is a copycat?” Jack asked, calling William’s attention from Hannibal.

“I don’t know.” His boy lied convincingly. “The cannibal who killed Elise Nichols had a place to do it and no interest in field Kabuki. He has a house or two, or a cabin. Something with an antler room.”

“We’re already looking at Minnesota steamfitters and plumbers and people with hunting licenses.”

“He has a daughter. Same age as the other girls. Same hair colour, same eye colour, same height, same weight. She’s an only child.” William tilted his head as he spoke. It was rather cute. “She’s leaving home. He can’t stand the thought of losing her. She’s his Golden Ticket.”

It was such a privilege to see William’s mind work in the field. How he saw through the killer’s eyes, understood them. Hannibal was suddenly gripped by a fierce jealousy. He didn’t want his darling to be inside the mind of anyone other than Hannibal. He was his.

“What about the copycat?” Jack demanded.

William purposely looked at Hannibal as he spoke. “An intelligent psychopath, particularly a sadist, is hard to catch. There’s no traceable motive. There’ll be no patterns. He may never kill like this again.”

Oh William. If they had been in private then Hannibal wouldn't have been able to stop himself from ravishing his boy right there and then. Instead he asked, "Will he kill again?"

"Yes," William looked away from Hannibal. "This isn't his first kill and it certainly won't be his last." No it certainly wouldn't be.

"Great, just what we need." Jack huffed. "Can't you tell me anything else?"

"No, but why don't you have Hannibal write you up a psychological profile." William calls back as he turns to duck under the police tape."You seem rather impressed with his opinion."

Hannibal quickly excused himself as well, he wanted to return to their hotel room before William. He was rather pleased with himself for persuading Jack to book them a single double room. He had also upgraded the room so that they had a kitchenette and that was where he was when Will stormed into the room with a fantastic scowl on his face.

"Why did you do it?"

"Hello to you too." Hannibal smiled genially at him."I'm making dinner." He added another egg to the frying pan.

"Is the main ingredient from the field this morning?"

"Hmm it's from a particularly rude pig, yes." He admitted. There was after all no point in keeping it a secret from his darling. He had after all already worked it out for himself.

"Hannibal." William complained.

"William." He teasingly threw his name back at him.

"Why?"

"You needed help."

"Explain."

“On the plane ride over you mentioned that you felt you were missing something. So I wanted to give you a scene that directly contrasted what you had told me.” He would do anything to help him bloom.

William sighed and threw himself into a kitchen chair. “Thanks I guess.” He pouted cutely. “It did help.”

“You are most welcome.” Hannibal felt rather pleased by the fact that his actions had indeed helped his darling.

“So what is for dinner?” William asked sitting up in his seat as he watched him cook.

“It's a protein scramble.” He pulled the homemade sausage from the small oven and added them to the frying pan to add some colour to its skin. “I’m making enough so we can have leftovers for breakfast tomorrow.” The smell of cooking meat filled the room.

“I should hate you, you know.” William pointed out as he shifted in his seat.

“Oh?” Hannibal tensed. Was his darling going to betray him after all? “Then why don’t you?” He reached for one of the knives. If William did hate him then Hannibal would have no choice but to eat him. It would be a waste but at least that way, he would forever have him with him.

“I should hate you because you’ve made my life so much more complicated than it needs to be, for feeding me rude pigs and yet…” He trailed off.

“And yet?” Hannibal prompted, his heart pounded in his ears.

“And yet, I find myself wanting to be friends with you.”

“We are friends, William.” Hannibal smiled in relief. He placed the knife back down on the counter and plated up dinner. “More than friends as far as anyone else is concerned.” He winked at William, remembering how lovely the man blushed the last time had done so.

“Stop doing that?” William demanded as Hannibal put the plates on the tiny table.

“Doing what?” Hannibal blinked faux innocently at William.

“Stop winking.” William accepted the food and picked up a fork to start eating. “It's weird.”

“Rude.” But how you honour me by eating the sinful food I place before you.

“Oh heaven forbid I be rude.” Sweet William sassed. “God this good.”

“I’m rather glad that you like it.” Hannibal started to eat as well. “As for the winking,” He smirked and shrugged elegantly. He wasn’t going to stop winking, William’s reactions were just to precious.

“That’s not an answer.” He pointed at him with his fork.

“Indeed.”

William groaned and seemed to decide to ignore Hannibal in favor of eating his food.

Later that evening when they were getting ready for bed, William allowed Hannibal to use the bathroom first. He took the opportunity to shower and not caring if he was overheard, he decided to take care of the issue that had been bothering him all day.

Hannibal gripped his cock firmly and with the aid of soap he started to stroke himself. He rested his forehead against the cool tiles and with his eyes shut he imagined William on his knees in front of him. He would rub the tip along the seam of William’s mouth before enticing his darling to open his lips. Hannibal groaned as he imagined sinking his cock into the hot, wet cavern. He would go slow at first not wanting to choke him, to give him a chance to taste Hannibal on his tongue. Would William let him use him as a fuck toy or would he be proactive? Actively taking Hannibal into him, sucking and licking, lapping at the weeping head as he pulled his mouth off the cock. He moaned and increased the speed of his hand, tightening it around the tip as if it was entering William’s throat. Would his boy spit out his cum, make him pull out and cum on his face or would he swallow everything that Hannibal gave him? He came, moaning William’s name quietly, at the thought of his boy drinking down his seed.

He washed away his mess and finished up in the shower before dressing in his pyjamas and pulling on a dressing gown. He made sure to leave the bathroom neat and tidy and deliberately switched the towels so that when William reached for a clean one he would instead be using the towel that Hannibal had used to dry himself with.

While William was in the bathroom, Hannibal settled on the left side of the bed after draping his dressing gown over a chair. He decided to do some reading for a little bit, but hadn’t got further than a few pages when William left the bathroom.

“Do you have a matching set of pyjamas for all of your suits?” He asked leaning on the door frame. He looked delightful in his boxer shorts and old t-shirt. He would look even better if he was wearing some of Hannibal’s clothes, he admitted to himself. He knew that he would have to get him into some soon.

“No comment.” His lips twitched before he shut his book and placed it on his bedside table. There was no need to inform him that yes, he did actually have several pyjamas that matched his suits. He had them made on a whim and it always amused him. “Are you going to stand there all night or are you going to join me?”

“I was thinking of sleeping on the floor.”

“Nonsense.” Hannibal sat up. “Don’t be silly, William. The bed is plenty big enough for the both of us.” He wanted William in the bed now. Sure his alone time in the shower had taken the edge off, but he wanted to spend as much time close to his darling as possible.

William stared at the bed and then took a good long look at the carpet on the floor. It had likely once been white but was now grey and even if he refused again, Hannibal was not going to let him sleep on it, even if he had to manhandle his sweet William into the bed.

His darling sighed and gave in. He climbed into the bed and after shifting and fidgeting for a few minutes he seemed to finally settle down on his side, his back facing Hannibal.

“Goodnight, Will.” He planned to wait until his darling was asleep and then bring him closer so that he could hold him in his arms.

“Good night, Hannibal.”

Thankfully his darling seemed so tired that he dropped off to sleep rather quickly. Hannibal waited a few more minutes before careful turning William onto his back. He paused and when William showed no signs of waking, he happily draped himself over him. Letting his wait sink into him. He sighed content at the feeling of his boy beneath him. He was a little skinny but some good food would easily fix that. William had also seemed to have forgotten his awful aftershave as he smelt delightfully clean and completely natural. Hannibal buried his face in the crook of William’s neck so he could get lungfuls of his scent with every inhale. He allowed himself to relax and drift off to sleep.

Hannibal woke slowly when he felt the bed that he was lying on tense beneath him. It only took him a short moment to remember what or rather who he was lying on. His face was buried in William’s neck and his hand rested on his chest, just shy of a nipple. Their legs were entwined and he could feel William’s hard cock against his stomach. Up this close, he could see and even feel William's skin turn pink at their proximity. What a wonderful place to wake up in, he thought sleepily. He would be more than happy to close his eyes and drift off again.

“Good morning.” Hannibal murmured into William’s ear.

“Morning.” William’s chest moved underneath Hannibal as he spoke. “We need to get up.”

“Mhmm.” Hannibal hummed and nuzzled his neck. He had no intention of moving, especially not now that he had William exactly where he wanted him.

“H-Hannibal.” William was flushed red and Hannibal delighted in how he squirmed slightly under him. “We have a lot of work to do.”

Hannibal sighed, his lips brushing William’s skin raising goosebumps and made no move to get up.

“W-we need to catch the Minnesota shrike, r-remember?” William stuttered. Tempting boy.

Hannibal wanted to do nothing more than to press William into the bed and make him take his cock but he was aware that it wasn’t possible at this moment in time. With one more gusty sigh, Hannibal finally, finally lifted himself off William. He twisted his body so that he was straddling William, his hands on either side of William’s head. He scanned his face for a moment wanting to capture this scene firmly in his mind. The sight of William’s pupils blown wide so only a thin ring of ocean blue showed, his face and even his little ears were red. He was simply gorgeous. He blinked his eyes slowly like a camera shutter, his mind taking a photo to put in pride of place in his mind palace. Only then did he climb off him.

William all but ran to the bathroom, which if he needed the toilet would certainly explain why he was desperate for Hannibal to move. The dear should have just told him. Hannibal climbed out of bed, content to wait for William to be done in the bathroom first when his phone went off.

Crawford: You and Will, will have to make do without me. I’m busy in court.

Hannibal frowned at the rude message before sending back a simple reply and dropping the phone back onto the table. He needed to reheat the protein scramble for breakfast. His sweet William needed to eat more.

Chapter 5

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

It took far longer than Hannibal would have liked to have the opportunity to murder Fabian from Fabian's Tailors. What with the tip to Minnesota and then visiting dear Abigail in the hospital. However at long last he had that dreadful man in his basement. It was rather easy to lure the disgusting man away from his shop then all it took was a quick sharp paralytic injection to the neck to subdue his victim.

Dressed in his murder suit to reduce the transfer of forensic evidence onto the body he examined his tools. What should he do? The man was still alive and would be until Hannibal decided that he had suffered enough. The best thing about the drug that he used is that the victim was completely aware of everything while being unable to move.

"Mr Fabian Masters." Hannibal addressed the man on the operating table in his basement. "You have been unforgivably rude to someone that I hold dear." He picked up his scalpel. "This is your reckoning."

With a steady hand Hannibal carefully cut through the skin of the man's chest. He cut down in a thin line at the directly down the centre as if he was performing an autopsy. Although he didn't do it in the usual Y incision as that would ruin the aesthetic he was going for and instead it was more of I incision. He wanted the skin to look like the opening of a suit jacket. He gently peeled back the skin so as not to damage his design and kept the flaps of skin out of the way with clamps.

His phone rang.

A quick glance told him that it was his darling calling so he quickly removed his gloves and put it on speaker phone. He after all had nothing to hide.

"I have my suit." William said in lieu of greeting.

“That is good to hear.” Hannibal laughed a little breathlessly and pulled on a fresh pair of gloves. “Did Michael treat you well?” He got back to work and snapped Fabian’s ribs to get to his beating heart.

“Yeah.” There was a slight pause before his darling started to speak again. “As we missed the art exhibit, I was wondering…”

Oh his William was so shy when asking to spend time with him! It was just too sweet.

“There is an opera performance tonight that I would love to take you too.” He offered to help him along. It was slated to be an excellent performance and he would love to share the experience of watching it with him. He wondered if his darling had ever been to an opera before.

“What’s it called?” William asked.

Hannibal picked up a pair of tailor scissors before slamming them, sharp point down, into Fabian’s genitals. The body jerked despite the drugs in his system. Perhaps they were wearing off? Interesting.

“Orfeo ed Euridice,” He moved back up the body to break the other side of the rib cage open. “It’s based on the tale of Orpheus.”

“Isn’t that the one where as they are leaving hell, one of them turns to look behind them and dies again?”

“You mean the Underworld.” Hannibal corrected him but was pleased that he already had a fairly firm grip on the tale. “But yes you are correct.”

“Sounds good, what time should I meet you?” He heard the jingle of keys. “Do you want me to meet you at the theatre or?”

“Come to my house at 5 o’clock.” Hannibal told him. “We’ll have something to eat before we go.” With the ribs out of the way, he shoved his hands into the orifice and cupped the beating heart in his hands and pulled. The heart came free with a squelch and a snap as the arteries and veins broke like violin strings. He placed the heart on a sterilized tray. He would cut that up for their dinner this evening.

“Okay, I’ll see you later then.” The was a slam of what sounded like a car door.

“Goodbye Darling.” He would see him later, but for now he needed to focus on preparing this pig for storage. He wouldn’t be able to display him for a few days yet. He pulled out a saw and started to cut the body in half from just above the hips. The way he wanted to display this pig started to solidify in his mind. Only the best for his darling William.

With the body put away in his freezer and he divested himself of the murder suit, he took the heart up to his kitchen. He wrapped it carefully in butcher paper and placed it into his fridge. He would delicately cook it later. With that done, he went back down into the basement to clean up. He hosed down the room, mopped the floor with bleach and ten disinfected the tools that he had used. Only when he was sure that the room was pristine did he allow himself to go upstairs to shower and clean himself.

Hannibal spent the rest of the day getting ready for the date with William. He chose a suit and matching tie and wondered what William’s would look like. Michael always did such fantastic work and so his Sweet William was bound to look amazing regardless but he was curious and well he wanted to match him.

He called the familiar number.

“ Ciao, this is Michael Schafer Clothier, Sophia Speaking. How can I help you today?” A sweet voice recited.

“ Ciao Sophia.” Hannibal said smoothly. “It’s Hannibal. I was wondering if you could tell me the colour of William’s suit?” It didn’t occur to him that he could 1)Just ask William or 2) that Sophia might not know who he was asking about or 3) She might not be able to divulge that information due to client privacy.

“Oh, the friend you had Michael fit in, yes?” He heard her typing on the keyboard, her nails clicking loudly. “Ah yes, he bought a dark blue twill suit.”

“Excellent, thank you for your help.” Hannibal smiled. His mind was already going through all the suits and ties he had to figure out what would match best with William’s suit.

“Prego, Ciao.”

“Ciao.” He hung up and wandered upstairs to his walk in wardrobe.

Hannibal flicked through the suits, red paisley, purple paisley, eggshell, brown blazer, light windowpane checked suit, dark windowpane checked suit...blue-black plaid? Perfect. And he could pair it with a dark blue shirt or should he wear a light blue? Light blue with a dark tie and a light blue pocket square? He hummed to himself as he pulled out a matching waistcoat.

“Perfect.”

With his outfit decided and laid out on his bed ready for him, he went downstairs to prepare the small meal.

“Will.” Hannibal smiled warmly as he opened the door. William looked stunning in the dark blue twill suit. “You look fantastic.” His eyes lingered on the navy tie with little tiny dogs on it. “I especially like the tie.” It was cute, and very William.

“Thank you.” Will grinned charmingly. “The tie is my favourite too.”

“Come on in.” Hannibal held the door open and ushered him inside. “I’ve made us something simple.” He took a subtle sniff and mentally noted that he needed to get William a better

aftershave.

“I didn’t know that you could do simple.” Will teased.

Hannibal just chuckled and pulled out the sandwiches that he had made earlier. They were just something simple to tide them over until after the show. He had used half of the heart as the meat filling which he had cooked gently. The rest he planned to turn into a tartare dish for after the show.

Hannibal pulled up to the Metropolitan Arts Centre for the opera, parking in his usual spot.

“This will be the first opera that I will ever have attended.” Will commented as they parked.

“Then I am honoured to be able to take you to your first.” Hannibal climbed out of the car and was around to William’s door before he had even finished undoing his seatbelt. And Hannibal did feel honoured, he wanted to be many of William’s firsts.

“Thank you.” Will said as he took Hannibal’s hand to help him out of the car. He adored the feeling of William’s hand in his.

“I took the liberty of having us arrive later to miss out on the before show mingling.” Hannibal offered his arm. He figured that his boy wouldn’t enjoy the socialising, he was always so shy.

“Thanks.” Will hooked his arm through his. “Is there anything I should know? Like is there opera etiquette that i should be aware of?”

“Not at all.” Hannibal led them up the steps and into the ornate building. “Just enjoy yourself. There will be a little mingling afterwards but nothing too strenuous.” Trust me to take care of you.

“I’m sure I will manage.” Will rolled his eyes. Cheeky boy.

“I have the utmost faith in you.” Hannibal smirked.

They settled into Hannibal’s box seats. The show itself was a masterpiece. The music was enchanting and the acting was fairly good. He was unfortunately too focused on the performance to take notice of what William thought of it. However he did note that William joined him in giving a standing ovation and a glance at him showed that he was smiling. Hannibal smiled warmly at him, happy that William had enjoyed himself.

As they were heading down to socialise Will’s phone rang. He watched as his darling looked at the phone with a scowl before answering it. He wondered who it was that put that look on his face.

“Graham.” William answered the phone after giving him an apologetic look. “I’m currently at an opera, someone will have to pick me up.” He sighed looking upset.

Hannibal wished he could hear the other side of the conversation. Seeing the annoyance on William’s face after they were having such a good time, made him want to kill whatever pig that was on the other side of the phone.

“Sorry, Hannibal.” William scowled at the phone. “It seems that I have a case.” Ah it was Agent Crawford, he unfortunately wasn’t someone that he could kill.

“It's alright.” Hannibal reassured him. “Your work is important.” He did understand but he was also sure that his William was being taken advantage of.

“I know but-”

“Will.” Hannibal stopped him. “I don’t mind.”

“You will.” He looked so sad and despondent that all Hannibal wanted to do was wrap him in his arms and refuse to let him go.

“Perhaps at some point down the road but right now? Right now I am going to walk you outside and wait until you get picked up.” Never, he would never get tired of William, would never have enough of him.

“Thanks.”

“Anything for you darling.” Anything, dear William, all you have to do is ask.

They were met by Agent Crawford at the foot of the stairs leading up the arts centre. The man looked rather annoyed but didn’t say anything as Hannibal kissed Will’s cheek before opening the passenger door for him.

“Be safe, darling.” I’ll be waiting for you.

“Get home safe.” William ordered. “I’ll get my car when I can.”

Hannibal smiled softly and shut the door for him. Agent Crawford only waited long enough for Hannibal to step back before pulling away. He waited until the car was out of sight before he let the smile drop from his face and his true feeling of fury replaced it. Curse Jack Crawford for ruining a perfect date, a date that his shy boy had asked for!

Hannibal didn’t bother going back in to socialise and instead drove home. Once inside he shed his suit jacket and waistcoat. After neatly putting them away with the rest of clothes that needed to be dry cleaned he sat in his study with a glass of wine brooding. He was annoyed. Annoyed that his evening had been interrupted by Agent Crawford and-

His thoughts were interrupted by his phone going off. He had a text.

William: Jack is taking me out of state. Wants me to have a look at the Hobbs Cabin. Probably won't be back for at least a day.

Hannibal: Make sure you're being paid overtime for these trips

William: I'm not even sure I'm on the docket as a consultant yet.

Hannibal frowned at that response. Crawford was definitely taking advantage of William.

Hannibal: Make sure when you return to speak to your HR department. You deserved to be paid for your job.

Will: I will.

Will: I'll talk to you later, we're at the airport now.

Hannibal: Take care, my dear. He would hold him to his word. William was his and no one was allowed to take advantage of him. He took care of what was his.

Hannibal's day passed slowly. He unfortunately had another appointment with Franklyn. The neurotic man spent the session seesawing from being in tears to hounding Hannibal about being his friend. It was irritating.

"But why can't we be friends?" The man whined again and that was the last straw for Hannibal. He had had enough.

"I'm going to have to refer you to another psychotherapist." He sighed putting down in his notepad. No wonder he was the man's seventh referral, he was a nightmare.

“What? No!” Franklyn stared at him with horror.

“I’m sorry Franklyn but this just isn't going to work. You have refused to accept that it is inappropriate to be friends when I am your psychotherapist and do not think that I haven’t noticed you popping up in the places that I usually shop at.” He narrowed his eyes at him. “That is stalking.”

“Wha-”

“So I will end this session here and email you the details of your new therapist by the end of the week.”

“But-”

“This is non negotiable.” Hannibal told him sternly and opened the patient’s side exit. “Now please,” He gestured to the door. “Leave.”

Franklyn attempted to give him the ‘puppy dog eyes’ but he ended up looking ridiculous.

“I wish you luck with your next therapist.” He told him honestly. Because if the next one works out there was less of a chance that he would ever have to hear from this man again.

“Goodbye, Dr Lecter.” He sighed forlorn and dragged his feet out of the room. As soon as the man was over the threshold, Hannibal shut the door. He immediately felt a wave of relief. He was free of that obsessive man. The only thing that would make his day better was if his dear William was waiting in his bed for him, which he knew wouldn’t happen even if the man hadn’t been called away by Agent Crawford.

Later in the evening he was once more in his study with a glass of wine, only this time he was browsing the ‘Tattlecrime’ site. It was a guilty pleasure of his. The writing was trite but the information that this Freddie Lounds got a hold of was always illicitly gained and if you ignored her exaggerations then it was usually quite informative.

IN THE MINNESOTA SHRIKE'S NEST: EXCLUSIVE PHOTOS

The title photo was of a cabin in the woods and it was followed by more taken inside the cabin, one of which was of a room filled with antlers. The article itself was pure conjecture so Hannibal didn't pay it much attention. It was clear however that this was the scene that Crawford had called his William out to.

"How rude." He murmured to himself. "I bet you didn't have permission to be there." He pulled out his phone and sent a text to William warning him about the article.

Hannibal: it seems you have a leak darling.

Hannibal: Tattlecrime seems to have gotten crime scene photos

He sipped his wine while he waited for the reply. He was nearing the end of his glass when William responded.

William: Thanks, just looked at it.

William: It explains a forensic anomaly at the scene.

William: Also please remind me that when I speak to HR tomorrow that I need to be reimbursed for the Taxi home.

Hannibal: You are welcome, darling.

Hannibal: Your boss didn't drive you home?

He frowned, how rude. That just won't do. Perhaps he could persuade his darling to stay with him for the night? He desperately wanted to sleep with his boy in his arms.

Hannibal: Your car is also still at my house. If you aren't too close to home may I recommend that you come to mine instead?

Hannibal: That way you can drive to work tomorrow. I can wash your clothes so that you will have something clean to wear to work tomorrow.

There. That should give him enough incentive to come over.

Will: I'm on my way over.

Hannibal: see you soon, darling.

He smiled at his phone before he stood and stretched. He should get everything ready for when his darling arrives.

Chapter End Notes

I now have a facebook group: https://www.facebook.com/groups/978892529311873

Come and join us! <3

Just Dudes being Dudes

Chapter Notes

> As it is my birthday, i held a poll in my facebook group over what extra update you lot would like and Kintsugi won! So here is Hannibal's point of view for the beginning of 'Just Dudes being Dudes'. I hope you like it ;)

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Hannibal woke slowly to the delectable feeling of his sweet William beneath him. He inhaled deeply and felt smug when he found that his darling smelt strongly of him. The dark beast in his chest purred in delight. He felt William stir and judged that he was starting to wake. He shifted slightly so that his mouth was neck to his ear.

“G’morning.” He mumbled in William’s ear. He relished the fact that William squirmed beneath him. Darling boy. It would seem that his ears were sensitive, a discovery that Hannibal would love to explore later.

“M-morning.” William stuttered, his face was fetchingly pink. He wondered how red the boy could get and so he nuzzled his nose behind his ear to make him squirm again. It had the unexpected side effect of William grinding his morning erection up into him.

William moaned.

Hannibal froze. William Froze

For a moment both were as still as statues before Hannibal was pressing him down into the mattress and rutting his own hardness against William’s hip bone. He wanted, no, he needed William to make that noise again.

“H-hannibal?” His boy asked breathlessly. “W-what-” He cut off with a moan as Hannibal shifted so that their legs could slot together and that he could thrust his clothed cock against William’s. Yes! That was so much better.

“T-tell me to stop.” Hannibal grunted. “If you don’t want me to continue.” He was nothing if not magnanimous but if his boy did not tell him to stop soon, he wasn’t sure if he was going to be able to. Even through thin cotton, William’s cock felt stunning against his own and the friction was delicious.

Thankfully, William seemed as eager as he was and merely bucked his hips against his, moaning. That was yes then. Hannibal rocked their hips together again and again. His eyes on his boy's face. His eyes were ringing with the tiniest amount of ocean blue as his pupils were blown wide, his mouth was open in an 'o' as he panted, whined and squirmed underneath Hannibal. Then his Minx had his arms around him, pulling him closer. Hannibal's face fell into the crook of his neck and he couldn't resist the temptation to taste him.

"Ngh, ah!" William made the most charming noises as Hannibal bit, licked and sucked on his neck. He was going to make sure that everyone knew that his boy was taken. That his boy belonged to him, to Hannibal. He was already close to coming but he wanted William to come first, only then would he allow himself his release.

"Nyah, Hannibal!" William cried, his back arching, his head rolling back to bare his neck even more so to Hannibal as his hips bucked erratically. A sticky heat spread across their groins. His darling had orgasamed.

Hannibal rutted harshly against his darling's flagging erection, chasing his own pleasure now. He felt his abdomen tighten in warning. He bit sharply into William's shoulder, his body shuddering as his climax flowed over him. He rocked his hips against his boy twice more before stilling and allowing all his weight to drop onto William, crushing him. He basked in the feeling of his lover beneath him, their seed wet and sticky between them and proudly eyed the mark he had left on his neck. William was his.

They lay there getting their breath back for a few moments before Hannibal finally rolled off Will.

"Are you alright?" He asked, his maroon eyes scanning his darling's face. He needed to know that he hadn't pushed him too far. His boy hadn't said no to what had happened but he also hadn't explicitly said yes either.

"Yeah." William nodded but his eyes looked a little vacant. Hannibal hoped that it was just because he was still reeling from the orgasam and not because he regreted it.

"We should probably get up if we do not wish to be late to work." Hannibal sighed and sat up. He grimaced at how tacky his trousers felt now that the afterglow was wearing off. Dried semen wasn't exactly comfortable. He wished that neither of them had other obligations as he would have loved to keep his darling exactly where he was in his bed.

"Good point." William groaned. "And I need to speak with HR today before Jack tries to drag me across the country again."

"Should he have sorted out your consultation fees before approaching you to help with the Minnesota Shrike case?" He asked as his mind was analysing every single thing that his darlings said and did. William had sounded disappointed at the thought of getting up, that was a good sign wasn't it?

"You would think so." He answered as he sat up.

“You can use the shower first,” He offered. “I’ll bring up your clothes and leave them outside the door for you.” It would also give him time to start breakfast. Pancakes were usually customary from what he had heard for ‘morning afters’ but what did one serve when the main event took place the same morning? It had been far too long since he allowed anyone to warm his bed, let alone someone that he so adored.

“Thanks,” his boy gave him a breathtaking smile before climbing out of bed and heading towards the bathroom. Hannibal made no attempt at not staring at his behind as he walked. How did that saying go again? He mused as his eyes followed William. Hate to see you leave but love to watch you walk away? It had some merit he decided as he saw how the now damp trousers clung to his darling’s arse. Yes, he could certainly see the appeal of watching William walking away, not that he would ever let him leave.

William was his.

Chapter End Notes

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